

story and art by
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Nightmare FACTORY

ep: 40

Hey, Soulmate

I just
wanted to
know the
favor...

Why are
you giving
me your
life history
...Why though
?

Pulverize.



The siren
is scattered
to fine dust
particles.



No
heartbeat,
no brain
functions,
no lungs for

No longer for
respiration.
He is medically
dead, correct?

You—you
can't do
that—



Just did.
He's under
my custody
now. Peace
out, Nightmare
Factory.

Some place, somewhere,
in some random dimension.









GRATE



Almost



SLASH

He
can't
swim??

A few moments later...



What kinda
siren cannot
swim?

Are you
serious?
Now I gotta
give him—
that thing
that humans
do—uhh,
C...CPR?





You brute!
How dare
you—

Uh, I saved
your ass,
you're
welcome.



How racist.
"What kinda
siren can't
swim?" A good
number of us
migrated to
land long
ago.



That's like
asking why
can't a certain
race do math
or play
basketball!

Wow...
they left
mid sentence.
Rude.





Well, good
riddance.



Warm
water, mossy
warm water.

SPLASH

Grassy
rocks beneath
my finger tips.





Variable
grass

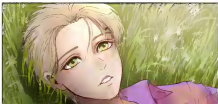
Warm sunlights.
An earthy scent
of dewy fresh cut
grass and soft
petals of Mayweed.





Am I dreaming?

**Am I actually out of
Nightmare Factory?**





Hey soulmate,
wherever you are,

remember all of our
talks about the day
I'll be liberated and
we embrace each
other until we suffocate?

I will find you.

Wherever you are,
I will travel to every corner
of the world to find you.

Wait for me,
Y-Lanits.

Palpable/tangible: can be felt or touched.
Brute: a savage, or violent person/animal.
Pulverize: reduce to fine particles.
Reintegrate: Restore to a whole.



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